

In the Wind | Everybody Talks by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, aka - sleepy Mileven cuddles, sleepy cuddles and snuggles and THEY LOVE EACH OTHER OK?, that's literally it - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

In which Mike and El wake up the morning after their night in the woods (also known as: Everybody Talks, Chapter 13 ½).

In the Wind | Everybody Talks

Author's Note:

- Inspired by [Everybody Talks](#) by [orphan_account](#).

Someone on Tumblr requested that I write what happened when Mileven woke up the morning after their night camped out in the woods. If you haven't read the original story, *Everybody Talks*, I highly suggest checking it out, otherwise this won't make a lot of sense! :)

El's not exactly the outdoorsy type. Growing up, when she wasn't trapped in the laboratory, she was stuck inside Hopper's house. Now that's she's older, all her free time is mostly divided between classes, going to the arcade, and hanging around the record shop.

Consequently, she never expected that the forest would be so *noisy*.

She awakens Sunday morning to the sounds of a crisp, whistling breeze, rustling leaves, drilling woodpeckers, and—

Snoring.

It takes her a moment to remember where she is (in the middle of the woods, tucked inside a sleeping bag, casually snuggling Mike Wheeler), but once she comes to, she doesn't think she'd be able to fall back asleep if she tried — everything is just so vibrant and *alive*.

Mike still has one arm wrapped around her, and the other is sprawled out across the forest floor at a slightly odd angle. The morning light is a warm, faint yellow that casts shadows over his face. His head is tilted back, his mouth is hanging ajar, and that's when El realizes the restful, sonorous snores are coming from him.

El smiles as she takes in the sight of him. She doesn't think she'll ever grow tired of waking up like this, nestled in his embrace.

She glances over her shoulder at the rest of her friends. Max's beanie has slipped off during the night, and her vibrant red hair is splayed

out across the forest floor. Beside her, holding her hand, lies Lucas. Even while sleeping, his facial expression is one of soft contentment. Then there's Dustin. Unlike Max, his hat has stayed firmly on his head (El can't help but wonder if it's permanently attached to his hair — she's never seen him without it and she doesn't think she ever will). Dustin's snoring too, even more loudly than Mike, and El is just grateful to not be Will, who's sleeping inches away from him.

As her gaze moves back to Mike, El makes a mental note to not invite Max over to her house for the next couple days. After all, Max promised Hopper that she'd 'keep an eye on Wheeler,' and if there's one thing that El knows about her best friend, it's that Max won't be able to stop herself from making a joke about how El and Mike 'like, totally slept together.' Then Hopper's head would explode, because he'd think that *that* happened, even though that's not what happened, but Max would totally make it seem like that is what did happen, because it's Max and El is convinced that she and Hopper are dedicated to embarrassing her in every way possible.

El forces herself to push these thoughts away. Hopper isn't here, Max is still fast asleep, and Mike is as warm and soft and cuddly as ever.

She gently raises a finger to run it along his jawline. The bruises from before are now gone, and yet El still feels like she has to be so delicate with him. Like if she touches too hard, he'll disappear, like he had in the Void. Like she'll realize that all along he's just been nothing more than a beautiful dream.

As her finger reaches his chin, Mike snorts, then stirs, and El feels her eyes widen in alarm.

He's waking up.

El doesn't want this to end, not yet. She knows that if Mike wakes up, it'll only be a matter of time before he's bashfully stammering and pulling away — always the gentleman, always *so impossibly* considerate. She's not ready for that, not yet.

El quickly snuggles back into him, presses her head against his chest, and closes her eyes. She tries her best to even her breathing as her body falls limp against his lean frame.

She feels Mike shift as he yawns and arches his back slightly. She senses him glancing around, familiarizing himself with his surroundings, before he tilts his head down to look at her.

“El?” Mike whispers, voice still thick with sleep.

He gives her a little nudge and El replies with what she hopes is a believable snore.

It seems to convince Mike, as he doesn't say anything more. Instead, he takes the arm that was previously sprawled out and wraps it around her. As his hands gently run up and down her back in slow, lazy strokes, El hears him sigh happily.

It takes everything in El to continue pretending to be asleep, and not tackle him or shower him with kisses. This moment is far too perfect to pass up, and El wants to enjoy every last second of it.

In five minutes, Dustin will awake with a start, sleepily mumbling something about hook hands and lizards and serial killers. Then Max will wake up, tell Dustin to shut up, and Lucas will lament that *they're literally always fighting*. Then Will will awaken, shaking his head at his friends' antics, and get breakfast started. Mike and El will exchange shy glances before pulling away bashfully. El will return to her own sleeping bag, and the feeling of Mike pressed against her will have her feeling tingly and light-headed for the rest of the day.

But right now?

Right now, it's just the two of them. Right now, as they continue to snuggle each other, legs intertwining, hearts beating, breaths slowing, five minutes later might as well be years later. This intimate morning moment is timeless.